breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadshill Good morrow Carriers whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay by god soft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will a long with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt*

Gad What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cha. At hand quoth pick-purse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Camberlaine for thou varyest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, thers a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cha. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowst he is no starueling, tut, there are other Troians

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to do the profession, some (if they should be lookt into) for their I am ioined with no foot-land strikers, non of these mad mus but with nobility, & tranquill ers, such as can hold in such as speake sooner then drinke, an (Zounds) I lie, for they pray c mon-wealth, or rather not pra ride vp and downe on her, a

Cham. What, the Common- e ut water in foule way?

Gad. She wil, she will, ins in a castle cocksure. we haue t inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I th the night then to Ferneseed

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me ha

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a comm bring my Gelding out of the

Enter Prince

Poines. Come shelter, s horse, and he frets like a gum

Prince. Stand close.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidn thou keepe?

Fal. What Poines, *Hal?*

Prince. He is walkt vp to th

Fal. I am accurst to rob i hath remoued my horse, and trauel but foure foote by the my winde. Well, I doubt this, if I scape hanging for k his company hourely any tim

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